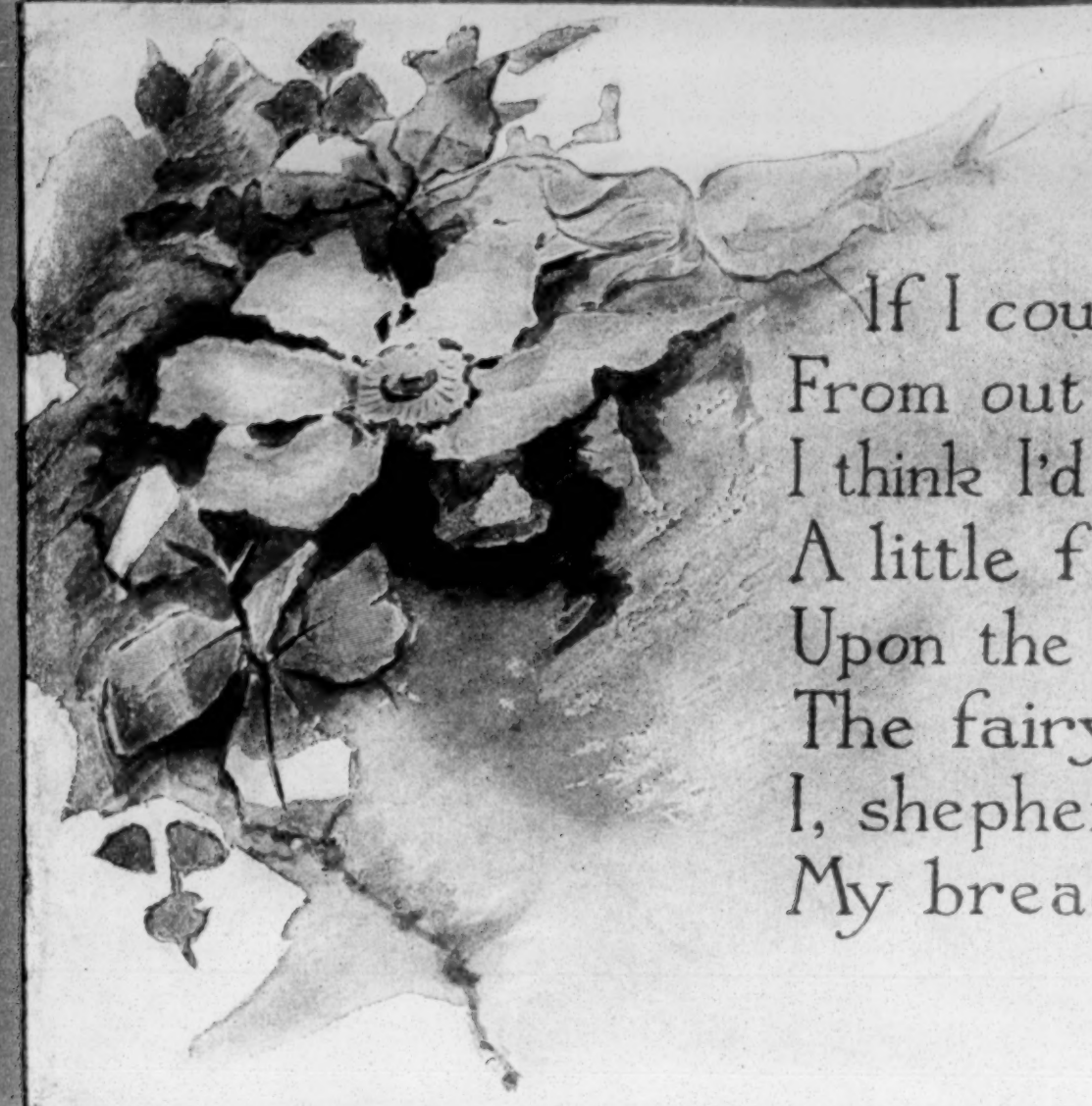

If I could choose my path of life
From out this world of tangled ways,
I think I'd sooner live and tend
A little flock of all the days.
Upon the bluest hills that are,
The fairy hills of dreams come true,
I, shepherdess, would tend my flock,
My bread a rose, my cup a dew.

(Archibald Sullivan.)

THE SHEPHERDESS

Poem by
ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

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Being sung by Miss Helen Abbott.

To Mrs. HELEN H. HAWKS.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

Alto.

Words by
ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.
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Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante Moderato.

p

If I could choose my path of life From out this world of tan - gled ways, I
And all the tim - id days of May, The blus-t'ring days of win - ter weath-er, The

think I'd soon - er live and tend A lit - tle flock of all the
burn - ing days of Au - gust time, Would wan-der wide with me to -

mf

days. Up - on the blu - est hills that are, The fai - ry hills of dreams come
geth - er; And ere the sun made sil - ver lace Up - on the pil-low of the

p

cresc.

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true, I, shep-herd - ess, would tend my flock, My
sky, I'd call a lit - tle day to me, And

rall. 1 2 rit.

bread a rose, my cup a dew. bye. When
kiss its lips and say good -

rall.

mp un poco agitato.

one De - cem - ber day was left, A lit - tle day of grief and

cresc.

snow, I'd place my kiss up - on its brow My last fare -

cresc.

well — and bid it go —

Then would I quiet-ly creep a - way Be-hind the sun-set's am - ber

rays To think how I had tend-ed well — My lit-tle flock of all the

days.

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Music Print Chicago